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MEXICO

THE ORGAN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF MEXICO

Vol. 42 January — March 1952 No. 1

IN MEMORIAM

Elsie M. Shepherd

1899 — 1951

MEXICO

THE ORGAN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF MEXICO

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WITH CHRIST

After long months of suffering Miss Elsie Shepherd went Home to be with her Lord on July 4, 1951. The promotion of this talented, spiritual missionary leaves a vacancy in our ranks which will be hard to fill. Her body was laid to rest in the American Cemetery near the graves of Dr. and Mrs. John Butler, Mrs. R. Carhart, Rev Epigmenio Velasco, Misses Grace Hollister, Laura Temple, Sara Alarcón, and other workers who rest from their labors while awaiting that great day when "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout..... and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD

Maurilio Olivera *

The words of the Master, "She hath done what she could," would be an appropriate epitaph to evaluate and seal the life of Miss Elsie M. Shepherd who, on July 4, 1951, the Independence Day of the United States, was called to the eternal Homeland.

Miss Shepherd came to Mexico in 1927, beginning her work as a teacher in the Sarah L. Keen School. Later she entered direct evangelistic work, and it can be said that she always did "what she could," consecrating her best gifts to the service of the Lord.

On coming to Mexico Miss Shepherd not only learned the language but became Mexican at heart. She understood the lowly, and won the confidence and affection of all, learning to eat our food and share our joys and griefs.

As an evangelistic worker on the Northern District she visited the most remote congregations in the mountains, going on horseback, on foot or donkey, to places otherwise inaccessible. Neither sun nor rain detained her in her work, and she cheerfully accepted the humblest shelter for spending the night in the mountains.

Later, as an evangelistic missionary in the Puebla church, she did valuable work with children, women, and particularly in the homes of the members, where she made calls incessantly. The Puebla church remembers this worthy missionary with gratitude and affection.

Because of her great love for children she was the missionary best fitted to become the associate of the Secretary of Christian Education. There she had the opportunity of serving children by producing Sunday School literature for pupils and teachers, and by being a staff writer for COMINO, a paper for children, published by the Department.

Miss Shepherd's message was unadulterated. She always talked about salvation and sanctification with Wesleyan emphasis

The sweetest sound in all the world
Is just one word — no other;
No joy or sorrow ever heard
But it's wrapped up in "Mother."

—Elsie Shepherd, 1921

and Gospel clarity. Even the children could understand her. Her exposition was simple and picturesque, for she held their attention with unexpected expressions and figures of speech. Many came to know Christ as their Savior through this effective personal worker.

As we lay her mortal remains in the grave, we feel that our hope of the Heavenly Land is renewed upon remembrance of her faithfulness and purity of life. And as we set up in our hearts a simple monument to her, we shall inscribe on it the words of the Master: "She hath done what she could."

* Rev. Maurilio Olivera is Superintendent of Puebla District.

HE IS FAITHFUL

Guadalupe Torres de Ramírez *

Miss Shepherd was one of the persons God brought into my life as a means to my conversión. I had studied in mission schools, had lived many years in the home of a pastor as a member of the family, and had always worked enthusiastically in the Church, but I had no clear experience of the Christian life. On August 19, 1935, Miss Shepherd and Miss María Luisa Chagoyán held an evangelistic institute in Pachuca, and on that day I was converted.

Thus I came to know Miss Shepherd. Just a month after my conversion God permitted me to go through severe trials in my home life. As an affectionate and understanding friend, she came to my rescue with her treasures of wisdom. In 1936 she came to Pachuca as an evangelistic worker, and we became both neighbors and friends.

Those were years of intensive work. Accompanied by Mrs. Raquel E. Avila, Miss Shepherd visited many villages, even making one trip into the mountains which required a ride of seven hours on horseback.

The churches in Valle del Mezquital became her special care. There Miss Shepherd stayed in the homes of the Otomí Indians, sharing their poverty, studying the desperate economic problems of these lowly women, and helping them to find solutions. She carried them medicine and nutritious food, taught them crafts, found a market for the bags and belts they wove on rustic looms, and investigated other means of utilizing agave in order to free the people from the curse of the PULQUE (intoxicating drink) they made from it. And, above all, she sought to acquaint them with the true Gospel, the abundant life in Christ.

I have known many missionaries but none who has so completely identified herself with our Mexican life. Though not physically rugged, she slept on mats on the floor, ate beans with tortillas and chile, and drank from water holes. Often she slept on benches in the simple rural chapels, and sometimes in granaries infested with rodents and insects.

Never shall I forget what happened in January 1940. Annual Conference was coming and we had to prepare a special program for the women. I was sick in bed and could only make suggestions. But Miss Shepherd assumed the reponsibility. Radiant and dynamic, losing sleep and working hard, she prepared a splendid missionary program.

That night I was well enough to attend, and people congratulated me on the sucess of the program. Though I insisted that it was Miss Shepherd, not I, who had achieved it, no one believed me, supposing it was excess modesty on my part.

As we talked it over afterwards, she laughed mischievously and said: "It's better this way; you've received your reward here on earth; I'll get mine in Heaven." She did everything quietly and without ostentation, for hers was really a life "hid with Christ in God."

We worked together for several years. She taught me to endure my trials with victorious patience. One of them drove me to the verge of despair, but she said: "Lupe, we'll win this victory on our knees," thus showing me how to conquer adversity by prayer.

She was frank and sincere. What she felt, she said candidly. She was loving but tolerated no subterfuge. Just

as she really lived a holy life, so she spoke the truth as it was, requiring veracity in others.

On her sick bed she remembered all her friends and was interested in their spiritual and economic problems. Her motto, if one may call it such because she repeated it so frequently, was: "He is faithful."

In the hospital she was concerned for the salvation of her nurse and those about her. When she tenderly told me goodbye, she said: "Now I'm really going to Heaven; we shall not see each other here again, but I shall be waiting for you there. 'Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.'"

—Tr.

* Mrs. Ramírez is a teacher in one of our Methodist schools in Pachuca.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, yet have believed."
John 20:29

I was not there at Calvary
When Jesus bled and died;
Yet well I know He paid the price —
For my sins crucified.

I was not in the Garden
The empty tomb to see;
And yet I know that Jesus rose;
He lives, He reigns in me.

I was not in the Upper Room
When cleansing fire fell;
Yet through His Spirit, Pentecost
Has come to me as well.

—Elsie Shepherd, 1935

JESUS NEVER FAILS

Vera A. de Flores *

On the wall above my desk hangs a tiny wooden cross with the words Miss Shepherd loved so well: "Jesus Never Fails." This same little picture was always before her eyes in the long days of suffering before she left us to go to the hospital.

I had met Miss Shepherd before but I really came to know her well during my husband's pastoral year in Puebla in 1946. She was our church deaconess, and we worked together in the Junior Church, where I admired her many gifts and talents and the originality of her methods.

The women of the church loved Miss Shepherd deeply, and she was always welcomed to their homes and asked to stay for some meal. She had a profound understanding of their problems, and that wonderful love, rooted in Christ, flowed easily from her personality, enriching the dreary lives of people she was always glad to help.

When I faced the most difficult crisis in my life, Miss Shepherd was the only person I could think of turning to for help. A long distance telephone call, and the next morning she was in charge of my home and my children while I lay unconscious at the hospital. For a long month she took all my burden upon her shoulders. She was a very sick woman already but never said a word about it to me. As soon as I was on my feet again, she went back to Puebla to undergo a very serious operation.

I remember telling her how much I had admired her faith and how bravely she had accepted the truth about her physical condition. She smiled and said: "Vera, El es fiel, y su palabra no falla" (He is faithful, and His Word does not fail).

After her furlough year she came back to work with us, living with us for two years. It was a very happy assocation. We respected each other's privacy and independence and had wonderful times together. She was a very good cook and was always making little suprises for the family. It was fun getting

ready for special occasions such as Christmas or Easter, both "families" trying to make the other party as happy as possible.

From October to March I felt responsible for her health, seeing that she lost strength little by little and knowing from the beginning that she would leave us soon. I claimed the privilege of taking care of her as long as the doctor thought it could be done. I tried to show her all my love in every little gesture, in every word. I wanted to give her back a little of what she had never had, of that love she had lavished upon others.

She never lost her wonderful sense of humor. Only three days before the Lord called her, she told me, with a twinkle in her beautiful brown eyes: "You see, I'm going to see Him first."

She wanted to live. She wanted to do more for her Master, and she had so much to give. She fought hard for her life. But one night when I came near her she held my hand and in a thin, small voice said: "It is better this way, Vera. I am going home; I am going to Heaven to live with my Lord."

Fighting back my tears I asked her: "Has the Lord told you the time has come for you to go?"

"Yes," she answered clearly, "He has told me." And then I knew for sure that she was going and that she was happy to go.

She kept looking at the door and saying: "He is coming soon; Jesus is coming for me."

And she said over and over again: "El es fiel y su palabra no falla" (He is fathful, and His Word does not fail).

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* Mrs. Flores is the wife and capable helper of the Secretary of Christian Education.

A penitent: "O Lord, Thou hast taught me a hard lesson. Forgive me, and show me what to do."

VICTORIOUS

Natalia G. B. de Mendoza *

Twenty years ago I became acquainted with Miss Shepherd and we understood each other well. I shall relate only three of the experiences I had while cooperating with her in the work.

At one time in Pachuca I accompanied her to visit an invalid, an old woman called Angelita. For more than a year Miss Shepherd called on her every week, and for both of us it was a delight to enter the room of this sick woman whose face was radiant with joy and peace, and for whom each visit was a confirmation of her saving faith in Christ. We would sing, read the Bible, and Miss Shepherd would make brief and appropriate comments on it. We would remain some time with the sick woman, sharing her deep peace in God. I was not there when she left this world, but I heard it referred to as the time "when Angelita was glorified."

We planned an evangelistic institute in Mineral del Monte for children, women, and young people. The program went well, the church was responsive; all were interested, but especially the children. Miss Shepherd developed a special gift for evangelizing children. In each lesson she presented the living Gospel. She loved children deeply, and had a passion for their salvation. I was delighted with the classes she taught the children, and thereby came to understand the Gospel better.

Encouraged by our success, we arranged a second institute, this time in San Agustín, an Indian village near Pachuca. Although the program was interesting and varied, there was little response except from the children with whom we worked every morning. I was fascinated by Miss Shepherd's illustrated lessons from the Old Testament, which had the Gospel flowing through them like a subterranean river. She was very clever at drawing, and as she talked rapidly, she drew the people of the stories, making each one attractive or ugly as the case might be.

One night during this precious week in San Agustín, Miss Shepherd told me the moving story of her personal experience

How I wish I might pass it on as she gave it to me, but these were her words, more or less:

Part of my furlough year I spent at Chicago Evangelistic Institute and it proved to be the most glorious experience of my life. In addition to the classes there were evangelistic services for the students. At first I was not interested, but my day came unexpectedly. One morning I was deeply impressed by the speaker, Commissioner Samuel Brengle of the Salvation Army. He radiated light, and the hall where we met seemed illuminated that morning.

Never shall I forget the text: "That they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent" (John 17:3). Commissioner Brengle was then more than eighty years old, but he was a power for God. His theme was: How to obtain holiness. I felt as though I had been transported to heaven.

When he made an invitation, I could not resist going to the altar, but I did not get the victory. After the service someone told me to go and read the book of Hebrews, beginning at chapter 4.

Alone in my room, I felt that every word was addressed to me: "Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." I read rapidly to verse 15: "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and then verse 16: "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

The Holy Spirit used these words, and in an instant my heart was melted before the Lord Jesus. Moved to the depths of my being, I wept, and wept

much, not from grief but joy. Then I went to find the person who had helped me, and gave her the news that Christ was victorious in my life.

Ever since that moment I have been absolutely sure that the Bible is the Word of God, as sure as I am of my own existence, and of the existence of heaven and hell. I find joy in the service of the Lord, and I want to serve Him with all my strength.

This was Miss Shepherd as she did evangelistic work in the State of Hidalgo. She was young, timid, silent, reserved. But when she gave her messages, her words revealed the deep love which overflowed from her heart. However, her actions spoke louder than her words. Her spirit of service was revealed in many, many small, silent acts known only to God.

Now, as we bow in grief before her grave, we feel like appropriating the prayer of Elisha when Elijah was taken away from him: "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me."

* Mrs. Mendoza is an active worker and wife of a Methodist minister.

O Potter, here behold thy clay,
Imperfect, weak, impure;
Take me; Oh, break me; have Thy way,
Purge me within Thy Fire.

Search out each weakness in my soul,
Refine, O Lord, I pray;
Remold, remake me, strong and whole,
A vessel fit for Thee.

—Elsie Shepherd

Dr. Eleazar Guerra with Mr. and Mrs. Raúl Hernández of Chihuahua made up the Mexican Delegation to the Oxford Conference

TRAVEL IMPRESSIONS

Eleazar Guerra *

Traveling in a British "Constellation", I was amazed at the degree of comfort offered by this giant airship to its more than 60 passengers. One has only to ask and his every desire is attended to with characteristic British courtesy. The abundance of liquor was terrifying to me, and when again and again I told the stewardesses I did not drink, they looked at me thoughtfully as though I were a rare creature.

The British inheritance of courtesy and diplomacy are still in evidence in all their splendor, for maids, chauffeurs, trolley conductors, and waiters everywhere treat one with a courtesy to which we are not accustomed in this America of ours where this virtue has been exchanged for a practical spirit which almost reaches the point of exaggeration.

I had longed to visit Spain, for deep in my heart I loved the Mother Country for personal reasons, since my mother's people came from there. As a child I felt the impact of one

of our great poets who said, "Among thy gifts I inherited my tongue, and I shall never use it to insult thee." So I was eager to know old Spain, who was once mistress of the seas and on whose dominions the sun never set.

On my first trip to Europe I had not been able to get a visa for Spain; so I feared, that, given the present political and religious situation, I might have difficulty again. But, quite to the contrary, arriving on a plane with 30 priests and nuns, I was the first one to be called for the examination of my documents and was given easy entrance into the country. As I set foot on ancient Castile, I felt like breathng deeply, and great emotion filled my heart. It was midnight, and the sky was clear as it usually is there. As I saw, on the horizon, the lights of Spain's great capital Madrid, I felt that one of my greatest desires had been fulfilled.

Next day I set out to see as much as possible of the more important historic places of the great city, later driving along a narrow but well kept highway to review the happenings which made Don Quijote and Sancho Panza famous. Everywhere I sought to capture for memory those scenes which tell the story of the development of New Spain.

Toledo, a city of some 250,000 inhabitants, is one of the most picturesque and typical of Spain. It made me think at once of some of our cities which are incrusted in the mountains, such as Zacatecas and Guanajuato.

Returning to Madrid in the early evening, I found on

Bishop Sante Uberto Barbieri of South America and Bishop Eleazar Guerra of Mexico in Oxford station.

A Rural Sunday School

the Via de Alcalá a veritable river of people with their gay, vociferous spirit so characteristic of Spain.

Next day we left for the Azores, a flight of four and a half hours. These ten beautiful little islands are doutless the remnant of the continent of Atlandida. After another flight of nineteen hours we were once more in the iron Babel of New York. The contrasts on the trip had been marked: England with its austerity, courtesy, and diplomacy; France — brilliant, animated, frivolous; Spain— sentimental, heartsome, clamorous; Portugal —cosmopolitan, commercial; the Azores— crossroads of the world almost; and New York — scintillating activity, tremendous noise, and the mechanized power which now makes such an impression on the world.

Ten hours later I was back in my native land, eager to embrace my family and get back to my own task. Those had been 27 days of unaccustomed activities and new experiences, from which I returned grateful to God and ready to serve Him to the utmost.

* Excerpts from Bishop Guerra's account of his recent trip to Europe to attend the Methodist Ecumenical Conference at Oxford.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

Manuel V. Flores *

The Department of Christian Education of the Methodist Church of Mexico has been on the march since 1921, growing and developing in harmony with the increasing needs of the Church. We review here a part of its program of work.

GENERAL MEETINGS, such as local, district, conference, and national institutes for the training of leaders have given visible and positive results ever since 1921. During the last fifteen years camps, both of a popular character and for leaders in the youth movement, have been successful. Presently we are getting results from Christian Education Assemblies in order to meet the needs of the different local organizations.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS are a major concern of the Department which seeks to train the teachers, using normal courses in cooperation with other such Departments in Latin America. We provide lesson materials for the departments of the Sunday School: primary, intermediate, and youth, as well as the auxiliary material needed for the administration of the school.

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS in the Methodist Church have put us in the vanguard in this respect. These are held in different seasons of the year in the two Conferences, and

New Headquarters of Christian Education Department

we offer the best material available. An increasingly successful plan recruits groups of young students who devote their vacations to helping some church with its vacation school.

LITERATURE is obviously an important task of the department. At present, by means of great effort and financial sacrifice, we get out the following publications: NUEVA EDUCATION, which contains general helps for leaders, all the way from pastors to lay volunteers; EL MAESTRO DE LOS NIÑOS, lessons for children's departments; HOJAS DE INFANCIA, pupils' illustrated lesson leaves; COMINO, good and inspiring reading material for children; and VANGUARDIA, a literary and inspirational paper for youth. In addition, we publish supplementary material for local organizations.

This Department offers advice to laymen, leaders, and pastors on everything in its line, which it conceives to be the whole range of human interests, including stewardship (economic aspect) health (physical), education (intellectual), art (esthetic), sex (friendship, courtship, marriage), sociability, recreation and religion.

The Department is also a bond of union with other national and international agencies of our own and other denominations. There has been an interchange of youth caravans between Mexico and California, and we have another of ours slated for next year. A second caravan will visit Cuba in 1952. Our Methodist Youth Leagues cooperate with the Evangelical Youth Alliance of Mexico. The Sunday Schools cooperate with the National Evangelical Council and with the World Council of Christian Education. Thus we were represented in the Toronto Convention and in the Committee on Course of Study which met in Cienfuegos, Cuba.

The variety and intensity of our work demands a larger budget, and we hope to educate our Methodist people to support it, for the local income is less than that which comes from other sources. As to personnel, we deeply lament the loss of Miss Elsie Shepherd, which leaves only four of us in the Department, whereas we ought to have at least six, for the Church is growing. Friends in Pittsburgh, Penna., and California have helped us acquire some of the most indispensable equipment. The recent purchase of a house for offices has been a great forward step.

This Department, as our church knows has one of the

most arduous and complicated tasks. Increased understanding of its functions will help carry out its varied and extensive program.

* Rev. Manuel V. Flores is the Executive Secretary of the Department of Christian Education of the Methodist Church of Mexico.

Flag Raising in Ozumba Camp

WELCOME

MEXICO extends a hearty welcome to our newest missionary, Miss Mary Lou Santillán of Dallas, Texas, who comes to reinforce the staff of the Cortazar rural center. She is a graduate of Southern Methodist University with a Master's degree in Religious Education from Scarritt College, and has had experience as a teacher in Holding Institute, Laredo, and in social work in Wesley House, Dallas. We pray that she may be greatly blessed and used in her field of service.

CONCLUSIONS OF THE OXFORD CONFERENCE

Eleazar Guerra *

We are sure that the delegates and visitors to this great Conference were unanimous in their desire to participate in Wesley's experience of the "burning heart." Among the practical points agreed upon we mention the following:

1. Closer union among the separate units in the Methodist family.

2. The manifestation of the spiritual values of Methodism as expressed in evangelism, song, and simplicity of presentation of its message.

3. A study of the fundamental doctrines of Methodism, and a sane discusson which sought to balance what we might call an ancestral ritualism with a simple and sincere worship of God which gives opportunity for the manifestation of the Spirit.

4. An emphasis upon singing, because the Methodist Church has been recognized as a singing church for its use of the hymns of Charles Wesley who incorporated in the hymns the theology which his brother John preached from the pulpit.

5. A plan for an interim organizaton to work between Conferences, and another to secure uniformity in Church activities.

6. A definite decision to launch a movement, of world proportions, of "Live Evangelism" (in Mexico we call it "radiant").

7. World Methodism is aware of the hour in which it lives and of its yet unfinished mission in helping and cooperating with other Churches and believes it has reasons for existing and carrying on a spiritual crusade in the world.

In short, these are the conclusions we were able to glean, and we are happy to have had the chance to take part in this great Conference.

* Bishop Guerra attended the Methodist Ecumenical Conference in Oxford.

UNTO THESE HILLS

Mary Lou Santillán Bárcena *

No words have come to be as significant to me as those of the psalmist: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills...." For unto these hills have I lifted mine eyes many a time and wondered about the land, the people, God and myself, and the times have been several when I have questioned my ability to make the vital adjustments. It is not the easiest thing in the world in spite of the fact that you have been raised in the heart of the Mexican Colony in the States and the Spanish language and Mexican customs have been a part of your inheritance, for living conditions are not the same.

Being a "city gal" you know nothing of the small town and much less about rural life. The only things you know are traffic jams and screeching wheels from morn until night, the bright life and lights of the theaters, the modern man's imitations of the leaning tower of Pisa (skyscrapers), and hundreds of other so-called "luxuries" of life. What you thught once was a natural part of you seems to exist no longer and you wonder in reality whether they were in truth necessities. You seek thus to make an adjustment, not because you HAVE TO OR NEED TO, but because you earnestly desire to do so with all your heart and soul.

Oh, I had come to Mexico many times before and I thought I knew the country and the people. But coming in as a tourist is in no way equivalent to coming in for a period of years, for instead of going from place to place where you want to go, you go where you are sent and needed most and you stay there. And as you stay in your place of duty you begin to look for all the glamour and adventure which you have heard missionaries raving about but you seldom seem to find it, not because you do not look hard enough or in the right places but because it is more spiritual than material and because the adventure becomes more glamourous with years of experience.

But perhaps the greatest adventure of them all and the greatest adjustment is that of learning to work together with your other fellow-workers. Here is where one's mind, body

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and soul struggle with the never-ending challenge of bringing about harmony, peace and tranquility. Perhaps here is where Paul's chapter on love begins to take on new meaning, for there is strength in unity, and if we all serve one glorious cause and one God, why cannot we all live in love with one another as we aim for the highest (faith), the truest (hope), and the purest (love)? These are indeed the times that try men's souls.

My stay here has not been too long, but I have come to realize several things: whereas the duty of the missionary lies in teaching people Christianity, her love lies in guiding them through her example; whereas her duty lies in ministering to the sick, her love lies in being compassionate, with sympathy but without pity; whereas her duty lies in listening to her people's problems, her love lies in being understanding; whereas her duty lies in helping people, her love lies in not handicapping them; whereas her duty lies in being a friend, her love lies in accepting them as her equal in strengthening these bonds of friendship in Christian brotherhood; whereas her duty lies in service to men, her love lies in service to God; whereas her duty lies in presenting Christ to others, her love lies in seeking Him out in secret first to enrich the presentation; whereas her duty lies in being a missionary, her love lies in being Christian in all, above all, for all.

* Miss Santillán is a W. D. C. S. missionary stationed in Cortazar.

VOLUNTEER

No summer is complete unless Miss Daphne Swartz of Chicago visits Mexico City. Her stay during August was all too brief. She always comes to help in our work, and her contributions through the years add up to a significant total of Christian service rendered to her Lord.

MEXICAN "BRACEROS"

Alfonso Amaya G.

O God, Thou who dot behold us from Thy august Throne, look upon this group of Thy children, huddled together, impoverished, obliged by necessity to offer the labor of their hands, the brawn of their arms already weakened, in exchange for the dollars they hope will relieve their distressing situation! Help them, my Lord, forgiving their rebellions, their indifference toward Thee, their drunkenness. As a father pities his children, so God pities those who fear Him, "for he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust". Help us, for Jesús' sake.

How solemn and moving it is for a thoughtful person to watch these thousands of our countrymen who come from distant states, such as Yucatán and Oaxaca, in quest of what we might call the golden fleece! Compare the six or seven pesos a day which they would have difficulty earning here with the forty-five or more which they will be paid in dollars at present exchange rates.

But do not think this is a joyous exodus. No, it is a contingency and a tremendous risk. If they get a contract, they will have acquired this sort of wealth; if not, it will be their ruin, for they will return not only poor but poverty-stricken, heart-sick, their strength drained away by living on short rations. That is why one does not hear laughter nor see smiling faces, for even those who get contracts cannot feel happy when so many companions and friends have secured nothing. Their faces reflect this grief.

The kindly observer, not the merely curious one, can easily distinguish between the workers from the South and those from along the Border, not so much by their dress, which is almost identical except for the wider-brimmed sombrero of the former, but because the Southerners are more bronzed and their accent is better modulated than is the case with those from the North of the country. In imagination I recall and compare the workmen of forty-five years ago (for I was one of them) with those of today and note their rising standard of living. At that time we saw much white clothing of unbleached muslin and the national huarache (sandal) which have now disappeared. Formerly rustics felt abashed in the city; now they come and go with

aplomb, conscious that they are indispensable to the monied employer.

Our nationals spend many bitter days searching for contracts. Perhaps they came too early, or the authorities did not know how to make the proper preparation for mobilizing these human forces.

Many have exhausted their resources and exist only because God is good. It is said that some of these poor folks subsist only on bread and water. They have been sleeping in the open air even in cruelly cold weather; there they lie on the cold, hard ground. None have brought their wives with them because of the uncertainty of getting work. Had it been possible, doubtless their long-suffering, brave spouses would have come along like those who, in self-denial, accompanied our soldiers during the Revolution.

One sees only strong men, those of the North tall, those of the South brawny and shorter of stature with calloused hands as strong as tongs their faces tanned by tropical sun or icy north winds — our worthy race which is making an impact and winning appreciation everywhere, for its noble qualities and sentiments outweigh its defects. They go determined to use all their energies in the conquest of the money and resources they so greatly need. They are seeking to win victory in the pursuits of peace, a battle very different from and far more praiseworthy than the struggle of destructive arms.

How right our countrymen are in this almost desperate

THANK YOU!

The July-September number of MEXICO carried information regarding the new wing of the "Laura Temple" School which Miss Ethel Thomas brought to completion before leaving the field early in 1951. Recently she has sent us additional data regarding donors who helped to make that possible: "Mrs. C. R. Illick, one of our former missionaries, gave me the money for the stairway that leads to the roof, and Willie Brown, an old farmer neighbor, that for the great front windows, while the cousin who visited me a year ago in June gave all the bathroom and kitchen fixtures." We are grateful to these donors whose gifts are an investment in the education of young girls in Mexico.

quest! They have left their wives, children, parents, and sisters almost abandoned, for they were able to make only the most meagre provision for them. With the recent drought lands have gone almost untilled, so hard and dried out that is was impossible to plant crops.

Again, O Lord, I pray for these brethren of my race who have no one but Thee to care for them, for we men are so weak and inefficient! But Thou art the King of kings and Lord of lords, the Almighty God.

—Tr. from EVANGELISTA MEXICANO.

Rev. Alfonso Amaya G., is a pastor in the Border Conference whose ready pen here presents a problem of which every citizen of the United States should be cognizant, for these seasonal workers, farm "hands" (Spanish: braceros from brazo, arm) have become a factor in the economy of that land.

COME AGAIN!

In August Dr. and Mrs. J P Hauser, who are now in charge a church in Sioux Falls, S. D., made their first visit to Mexico since their retirement from the field early in 1949. They were welcomed by an exacting schedule of social engagements and fiestas in which their multitude of friends sought to greet them and have at least a wee visit with them. Anyone who missed seeing them is still lamenting the fact. We were all refreshed by seeing these beloved friends again. They continue their ministry among us by their interest in every detail of the work, their letters of encouragement, their intercession in our behalf, and the substantial gifts which they have secured for the Methodist Church of Mexico.

INCONSEQUENTIAL

Anne Observer

My desk was inviting me to a full morning of agreeable tasks when the cleaning woman arrived to do the floors. That changed everything. She permitted no persuasión nor interruption to swerve her from the task. Her devotion humbled me and her persistence overrode my protests. So all day I flitted about like Noah's dove with no place to alight.

Since there was nothing to do but leave home, a briefcase needing repair sent me off to Pino Suárez street where little leather shops cluster together. At first I missed the tiny one I sought, and then finding it, nearly collided with the life-sized horse which stands in the doorway advertising his master's wares.

After entrusting the repair job to the horse and his friends, I tramped across the Zocalo in front of the National Palace, skirting the Cathedral to reach Guatemala street in quest of a gift. There, again, shops are grouped by trades, most of the block being filled with stocks of window glass or wood carving displays. In one of the latter stores I spent considerable time well entertained as I turned over dusty piles of attractive objects until I found the picture frame I needed.

My temporary homelessness reminded me of a call I had just promised to make. An airplane had crashed above the snow line on the peak of Orizaba, Mexico's highest volcano. The plane burst into flames and all the travelers perished. So I went to call on the widow of one of the victims, a major in the Mexican army, who had been flying home to visit his family of eight young children after an absence of months.

Rescuers had recovered the major's partially burned wallet which contained the tiny corners of the bank notes he was bringing home to his wife. Usually the Bank of Mexico estimates the value of each small remnant of a bill which is turned in and pays a proportionately insignificant amount for it, but in this case the officials had paid full value for every bill. God had watched over the widow and orphans, and gave them this encouragement.

Once I was home again, night came, and also callers. Finally, quite late, I succeeded in getting the cleaning woman to stop brightening the corner where we are.

Papalotla, Mission Field of Methodist Youth of Mexico

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Miss Mamie Baird

Miss Mary Lou Santillán

GENERAL TERAN, N. L.:

Miss Anne Deavours

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Mr. and Mrs. John L. Groves, Apdo. 117 Bis
Mr. and Mrs. Claude R. Kellogg, Apdo. 117 Bis
Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Matzigkeit, Apdo. 117 Bis
Miss Gertrude Arbogast, Sadi Carnot 73, Zona 4
Miss Dora L. Ingrum (on furlough)
Miss Orlene McKimmey, Mariano Escobedo 291, Zona 5
Miss Mary N. Pearson (on furlough)
Miss Ethel Thomas (on furlough)
Miss Ruth V. Warner, Sadi Carnot 73, Zona 4

MONTERREY, N. L.:

Miss Ruth Byerley, Centro MacDonell, Durango, Dgo.
Miss Anabelle Dyck, Apdo. 446
Miss Helen M. Hodgson, Apdo. 446
Miss Dora Schmidt, Washington 208 Oriente
Miss Pauline Willingham, Apdo. 446

PUEBLA, PUE.:

Miss Bertha Baker, Apdo. 157
Miss Ola Eugene Callahan, Apdo. 157
Miss Clara A. Gibson, on furlough)

Methodist Youth Institute

SPELLING LESSON

You can't spell "Gospel"
Without spelling "Go."
You can't spell "Brothers"
Without spelling "Others."

—S. B. C. Bulletin